

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

TENNESSEE HERO RETURNS TO MOUNTAIN HOME--RECEIVES WARM WELCOME.

Pall Mall, Tenn., May 30.—“Big Un” returned to his mountain home to-day.

Sergt. Alvin Cullom York, greatest hero of the world war, brawny, red-haired Tennessee mountaineer, who, single-handed, outfought a German machine gun battalion, killing twenty-five and taking prisoner 135 others, including a Major and two Lieutenants, and put thirty-five machine guns out of commission, the “Big Un,” who won the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with a palm, the British Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States, returned to-day to his little cabin home at the Three Forks of Wolf, where his aged mother and his sisters and younger brothers awaited him.

And where his sweetheart awaited him, too.

Two continents that have been talking about the feat of arms of the Tennessee scrapper in the Argonne last October, have learned of Grace Williams, the mountain girl, who said she would tell him “yes” or “no” when he returned from the war.

Beseiged by scores of neighbors from the mountains and the fertile valleys of the Wolfe, who came riding in on their hardy horses and mountain mules when they heard the news of his coming, the modest hero found time to run a half mile through the valley past the mill where the sweet-heart of his boyhood lives.

Friends and relatives have smiled knowingly at the girl's persistent refusal to tell what her answer would be, and she always said, “I'll tell it to him.”

“I told it to him,” she said to-night and both of them smiled, and then friends and relatives started to complete plans they had been making for a long time for the event in the little church where the rip-roaring mountain swain was converted and became the second elder of the Church of Christ and Christian Union, the strong mountaineer who became a devout man of peace, then went to war, and became an earnest crusader for the ideals of his country and religion.

Standing more than six feet tall in his 11½ army brogans and tipping the beam at more than 200 pounds of virile manhood in its fittest shape, the red-haired giant with ruddy complexion of the outdoors, heightened to a redder tinge with the flush of gladness and modesty, told but little of the exploits that won him fame.

More concerned was he with answering homely greetings of wholehearted friends and neighbors who welcomed back their own son who went out and brought fame to the broad valley in the mountains. No longer was it so much the Sergt. York, the happy-go-lucky mountaineer who could shoot straighter, fish better, “rattle” better and sing better than any other man in the valley of men.

And it was “Al” York, the second elder, who went out and exploited before the world the strength of the simple faith which the mountains fostered, “Al” York who came back to be among his own people again, the second elder of the church, who

had been out in the world and learned many things just as he taught the world many things and who will be a leader among his own people just as he is a hero of the world.

“What am ah going to do now? Well, ah reckon ah don't know as ah want to talk or think about that now.”

The modest giant who had been petted and pampered by New York, and feted and honored at the nation's capital, and yet was unspoiled, and who had been offered fortunes to write for the papers and appear on the stage, could think only of home and what it meant to him the little rose-covered cabin on the trail that leads over the fords of three forks of Wolf, and yet the deeper manifestations were not apparent in the reception of the hero in his home.

Just as mountain mothers stood on the little station platform in East Jamestown, on the little branch line, and saw Al York and the other men go away on a Sunday in October without shedding a tear, so those that were near and dear to him received him to-night.

Conscious of the many who stood about him, the hero merely shook hands with the members of the family, and they, for their part, were self-conscious, but friends and neighbors on the Three Forks understood the feeling under the homely greetings as only friends and neighbors of the Three Forks can.

York left Fort Ogleterpe, where he was mustered out and Pall Mall folk got word from him yesterday morning, saying he was passing through Chattanooga.

Arriving in Crossville, the warrior was met by a delegation from Jamestown, county seat of Fentress county, the county that the fighting Sergeant made famous the world over, even through it hasn't any railroad station of its own for its returning heroes.

Prof. B. B. Gross, high school principal of Jamestown, headed the Reception Committee, Passengers stuck their heads out of the windows and joined in the accolade that greeted him. It was three cheers mixed up in a bedlam, with innumerable cheers mixed in and tangled up together.

As modestly as he left his home in Tennessee and did his deeds of valor Sergt. York returned and much more self-conscious. He seemed to hesitate about alighting from the train, but eager friends took him in charge.

“Which rig do you all want to get in?” asked the Sergeant, surveying the six automobiles, the entire flivver population of Jamestown. He was in a hurry to get away. The procession of motor cars arrived in Jamestown at 7 o'clock, where the hero met his mother, who came up from the valley to meet him.

Few cars ever attempt the thirteen miles over the treacherous trails leading to the Forks, and the hero, accompanied by the neighbors who heard the news in Pall Mall, rode down the trail in their rattling rigs behind sure-footed mules. At every house along the stony road that wound over the gulleys and around giant beeches, neighbors ran out to greet the man who was returning to them.

“Hello, Al! how are you, Al?” was the invariable greeting.

“Oh, fair to middlin,” was the response. How's the hogs and the crops?” and the mountain

neighbors knew it was the same old Al.

It was after dark—at 8:15, to be exact—that the procession of half a dozen rigs and a few on horseback came to the end of the trail, where it ducked into the ford of the Wolf and stretched across the fertile vale, the finest and richest and prettiest land in Tennessee, where Pall Mall lay.

Parson R. CH. Pile and the rest were waiting to greet the hero at his humble dooryard. For a long time they pressed him to tell his big story, the story that others have told until all the world knows it. But it was only a “yep” or “nope”—and that was about as far as Sergt. York would permit his tale of exploits to get away with him.

The crowd lingered about for a while, then gradually drew away, leaving the big soldier with his mother and brothers and sisters.

Parson Pile had an intimate talk with his second elder, and nothing indicated that the peaceful church head had any grudge against the warlike member of the flock.

“It's all a man's own conscience what is right or wrong,” the parson told him. “The hand of God was on you, Alvin. The simplest teach the wise, we are told. I know it was not education nor money that made you what you are. It was the hand of God.”

Sergt. York seemed most concerned about the homely things, about getting home and farming. To him it was farming time in Wolfe valley, and he had been away for a long time.

“No, ah don't know much about that farm you all are talking about, 'excepting what I've just heard some people say,” the fighting Sergeant said. “Ah guess maw and the rest of us can attend to that part of it.”

York referred to the \$50,000 farm in Wolf Valley which Rotarians of Tennessee and other States of the country are planning to give him.

“What Ah like best of all, is just to get back. It's where Ah've been all my life an, Ah reckon it's the best place for me. Yes, Ah reckon Ah have had chances to leave, but Ah ain't specially got a hankering for it,” he continued, lapsing into the drawl that endeared him to his worshippers in New York and Washington.

“Yes, I reckon you have, too,” inteposed Pastor Pile, who held a paper that gave an account of a \$10,000 offer to write for a publication. “I reckon I'd have been getting busy writin' if it had been me too.”

The Sergeant, naturally reticent, had little that was definite to tell about the mountain romance that has set hearts of the nation a-flutter with interest and anticipation.

“Well, ah reckon ah might get married some time,” he finally admitted.

“Anybody's likely to do that, you know.” And then when asked for more definite details concerning the love story of himself and Grace Williams, 18-year-old mountain girl with long plaits of blond hair, with blue eyes and with red laughing lips, setting off a round, fair face, the big mountaineer laughed a loud roaring laugh, which showed him far past the stage of resentment to such close questioning and past the stage of oppressive

bashfulness.

As to the immediate things he will do, concerning the offer of a fortune to go into vaudeville, to write and to do the other remunerative things that come in the way of the notably famous, the Sergeant could not speak definitely.

Farmers' Cooperative Organizations.

One county plans to organize a fruit growing association, another desires to feature livestock, another has in mind the purchase of supplies economically.

Such is a good thing for the farmers of Jackson county. The development of all rural interests for farmers generally depends upon their cooperative organization.

Such an organization must be very particular that the man who acts as its selling agent is one who thoroly understands his business. On him depends the satisfactory solution of the marketing problem for which such an organization is intended. If he is not the right man the organization will fail and be the cause of great dissatisfaction to the members. The success of failure of the project depends in large measure upon the manager. The members of this organization must also have the true cooperative spirit. They usually expect too much if an organization at the outset and when these expectations do not always materialize, friction develops. For this reason it is important that the members be of a mind to see the organization thru and realize what it will accomplish for them in the future, even in the face of a few difficulties at the start.

What The Editor Thinks.

It is better to die unknown in this world than to be known because of your mistakes.

There can be no such word as fail for the man who refuses to sell his honor for success.

There is one time in a woman's life when she likes to hear the right man talk business.

Sometimes a man will behave better if a wife keeps a nice baseball bat around the house.

They call it fiction because, according to it, all married couples live happily ever afterward.

Yes dear, that bib around the baseball catcher's neck is to keep the fowls from scratching him.

Greatness is the simplest thing in the world—simple and natural or else it would not be greatness.

The man who dies on the field of action escapes a lingering death from idleness and hot biscuit.

No dear, a taxidermist is not a man who collects the taxes. He is the man who taxes the collectors.

Some people are never so happy as when they are advising their friends to take some kind of medicine.

The fleeting scent of perfume is, sweeter and more pleasing than the aromatic continuance of it.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won just enough to break into the divorce court.

Happy is the man who has a decent business, who pursues it decently and who lives honestly off the profits it brings.

GRANVILLE.

Dr L. M. Freeman, attended the Upper Cumberland Medical meeting at Cookeville last week. He reports a good business meeting.

Mrs. J. C. Jackson is visiting in Lebanon.

Miss Dederda Maddux is in Carthage this week.

Little N. B. and Joe Huff have the measles.

A. A. and Mrs. Alty Huff returned home from Nashville Wednesday.

Lex Williamson is spending the week with his family, in Nashville.

Bennie Evans of Carthage, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. J. C. Clemons.

Mrs. Vick Dowell, is very ill at this time.

N. L. Baxter, the light plantman, is in Nashville on business.

The farmers in this section are getting behind with their crop-making, on account of much rain.

Frank McDonald of Cookeville, is visiting Charley Byrne.

Mr. Bohanan of Cookeville, was drumming our merchants last week.

STONE.

The following were the Sunday guests of Henry Roberts and family: Cluer, Mattie and Robert Hix, of Roaring river, Mafor Flynn and wife, Mrs. Jim Eads of Sugar creek, John Cherry and wife, and Luther Head and wife.

Miss Ethel Butler was the dinner guest of Lela Stone, Sunday.

J. W. Jenkins and wife, spent Sunday with Zeb Vanhooser and wife, of Whiteville.

Mrs. S. M. Heady and children took dinner with Jordan Hunter and wife, Sunday.

Malcom and Bedford Vanhooser spent Sunday night with J. W. Jenkins.

Truley Carver and Gladdys Cherry spent the week-end with relatives at North Springs.

Tandy and Mayford Crowder visited their brother, Mathie Crowder at Brimstone Sunday.

T. G. Meadows of Freestate, was the guest of R. L. Meadows and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sadler visited relatives at Whiteville.

Shelby and George Dudney, accompanied by Misses Margaret Spivey and Ada Dudney, motored to North Springs Saturday night.

The farmers are awfully busy in their fields for the first time in quite a while.

Miss Flora Hanner has been visiting her uncle Josh Hanner.

NEW HURRICANE.

Several from here attended the big dinner given in honor of Mounce Moss, who has just returned from France.

C. W. Davis, who recently returned from Gore, Ga., where he has been teaching school for the past six months, is visiting his sister, Mrs. David Hall.

Effie McNew is visiting her sister, Mrs. Marshall Hall at Cookeville.

Bill Walker and wife, were the pleasant guests of Leo Purcell Sunday.

Mrs. Whit Forkum of Hayden-

burg, visited her sister, Mrs. W. C. Terry, last week.

Misses Lillie and Rose Walker, and Addie Nell Cason visited Myrtle and Lassie Spivey Saturday night.

Miss Dorris Haile who has been attending school at Nashville, has returned, and is making her home with her aunt, Mrs. Lou Terry.

Clyde Jackson spent Sunday night.

Mrs. Lou Terry, and sister, Mrs. Forkum visited Mrs. Jasper Walker recently.

Miss Harret Purcell has returned home.

GLADDICO.

W. L. Dixon has returned to Gainesboro.

Orville Brooks has bought a new Ford truck.

J. P. Huffines is on the sick list at this writing.

School closed at this place last Friday.

Rev. Henry filled his regular appointment at Smith's Memorial Sunday.

Several attended the decoration Sunday.

Esther Dixon is visiting her aunt, Mag Draper, on Wartrace this week.

Toney Mabry and wife have returned from a weeks visit to the latter's mother.

Mr and Mrs M. F. Butler, were the guests of Oscar Huffines and wife Sunday.

Sallie and Olo Mae Collier, were the recent guests of Ora Butler.

Walter Brooks was transacting business in Nashville last week.

Smith's Chapel went over the top in the Centenary drive, by a good margin.

Mr and Mrs. Ira Dixon spent Sunday night with their nephew, Zander Dixon.

Courtney Dixon has returned from Nashville.

Mrs. Ruff Butler and little son, are visiting her mother, Mrs. John Howell.

COOKEVILLE R. 7.

Nancy Roberts is able to walk around in her room.

Annie Roberts is improving.

J. J. Gentry went to Cookeville Saturday.

Mrs. Ben A. Fox is improving fast.

Jim Gentry went to Cookeville last week.

J. D. Smith and Sid Dillon have swapped horses.

M. T. Allen has returned home after several days visit at Charles Langford's on R-3.

J. W. Warren of R-1 was buying peas here last week.

J. Carrington bought a nice heifer from W. F. Gentry recently.

Wheat in this part of the county is short on account of bad weather in May. Oats and rye look promising.

The corn fields are producing the weeds right along.

Roll Hardy has harvested his wheat.

Henry Moore visited in Overton county last Sunday.

Subscribe for the Sentinel and quit reading novels and almanacs, for past time.